6.

THE WOMAN in the Moone.

As it was preſented before *her Highneſſe.*

By IOHN LYLLIE maiſter *of Artes.*

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Prologus.

OVr Poet ſlumbring in the Muſes laps,
Hath ſeene a Woman ſeated in the Moone,
A point beyond the auncient Theorique:
And as it was ſo he preſents his dreame.
Here in the bounds of fayre Vtopia,
Where louely Nature *being onely Queene,*
Beſtowes ſuch workmanſhip on earthly mould:
That Heauens themſelues enuy her glorious worke.
But all in vaine: for (malice being ſpent)
They yeeld themſelues to follow Natures *doome,*
And fayre Pandora *ſits in* Cynthias *orbe.*
This but the ſhadow of our Authors dreame,
Argues the ſubſtance to be neere at hand:
At whoſe appearance I moſt humbly craue,
That in your forehead ſhe may read content.
If many faults eſcape in her diſcourſe,
Remember all is but a Poets dreame,
The firſt he had in Phœbus *holy bowre,*
But not the laſt, vnleſſe the firſt diſpleaſe.

Enter *Nature*, with her two maidens *Concord* and *Diſcord*.

Nature.

Nature deſcends from farre aboue the ſpheeres,
To frolicke heere in fayre *Vtopia*,
VVheremy chiefe workes do floriſh in their prime,
And wanton in their firſt ſimplicitie.
Heere I ſuruey the pictured firmament,
VVith hurtleſſe flames in concaue of the Moone,
The liquid ſubſtance of the welkins waſte:
VVhere moyſtures treaſurie is clouded vp,
The mutuall Ioynter of all ſwelling ſeas,
And all the creatures which their waues conteine,
Laſtly the rundle of this Maſſiue earth,
From vtmoſt face vnto the Centers point,
All theſe, and all their endleſſe circumſtance,
Heere I ſuruey, and glory in my ſelfe.
But what meanes *Diſcord* ſo to knit the browes,
VVith ſorrowes clowde ecclipſing our delights?
Diſcord. It grieues my hart, that ſtill in euery worke,
My fellow *Concorde* fruſtrates my deſire,
VVhen I to perfect vp ſome wondrous deed,
Do bring forth good and bad, or light and darke,
Pleaſant and ſad, mooving and fixed things,
Fraile and immortall, or like contraries:
She with her hand vnites them all in one,
And ſo makes voide the end of mine attempt.
Nature. I tell thee *Diſcord* while you twaine attend
On *Natures* traine, your worke muſt prooue but one,
And in your ſelues though you be different,
Yet in my ſeruice muſt you well agree.

For *Nature* workes her will from contraries,
But ſee where our *Vtopian* Shepheards come.

Enter Steſias, Learchus, Melos, Iphicles,
all clad in Skins.

They kneele downe.

Stoſias. Thou Soueraigne Queene and Author of the world,
Of all that was, or is, or ſhall be framde.
To finiſh vp the heape of thy great gifts,
Vouchſafe thy ſimple ſeruants one requeſt.
Nature. Stand vp, and tell the ſum of your deſire,
The boone were great that *Nature* would not graunt:
It euer was and ſhall be ſtill my ioy,
VVith wholeſome gifts to bleſſe my workemanſhip.
Iphi. VVe craue fayre goddeſſe at thy heauenly hands,
To haue as euery other creature hath,
A ſure and certaine meanes among our ſelues,
To propagate the iſſue of our kinde:
As it were comfort to our ſole eſtate,
So were it eaſe vnto thy working hand.
Each Fiſh that ſwimmeth in the floating ſea,
Each winged fowle that ſoareth in the ayre,
And euery beaſt that feedeth on the ground,
Haue mates of pleaſure to vpholde their broode:
But thy *Vtopians*, poore and ſimple men,
As yet bewaile their want of female ſex.
Nature. A female ſhall you haue my louely ſwaines,
Like to your ſelues, but of a purer moulde:
Meane while go hence, and tend your tender flocks,
And when I ſend her, ſee you holde her deare.
Exeunt Shepheards, ſinging a roundelay in praiſe of Nature.
Now Virgins put your hands to holy worke,
That we may frame new wonders to the world.

They draw the Curtins from before Natures ſhop, where ſtands an Image clad and ſome vnclad, they bring forth the cloathed image.

VVhen I arayde this lifeleſſe Image thus,

It was decreed in my deepe prouidence,
To make it ſuch as our *Vtopians* craue,
A merror of the earth, and heauens diſpight,
The matter firſt when it was voyde of forme,
Was pureſt water, earth, and ayre, and fyre,
And when I ſhapt it in a matchleſſe mould,
(VVhereof the lyke was neuer ſeene before)
It grew to this impreſſion that you ſee,
And wanteth nothing now but life and ſowle.
But life and ſoule I ſhall inſpire from heauen,
So hold it faſt, till with my quickning breath,
I kindle inward ſeeds of ſence and minde.
Now fire be turnd to choler, ayre to bloud,
VVater to humor purer then it ſelfe,
And earth to fleſh more cleare then Chriſtall rock.
And *Diſcord* ſtand aloofe, that *Concords* hands,
May ioyne the ſpirit with the fleſh in league.

Concord *faſt imbraceth the Image.*

Concorde. Now do I feele how life and inward ſence,
Imparteth motion vnto euery limme.

Nature. Then let her ſtand or moue or walke alone.

The Image walkes about fearefully.

Herein hath *Nature* gone beyond her ſelfe,
And heauen will grudge at beautie of the earth,
VVhen it eſpies a ſecond ſonne belowe.

Diſcorde. Now euerie part performes her functions dew,
Except the tongue whoſe ſtrings are yet vntyed.

Nature. *Diſcorde*, vnloſe her tongue, to ſerue her turne,
For in diſtreſſe that muſt be her defence:
And from that roote will many miſchiefes growe,
If once ſhe ſpot her ſtate of innocence. *Image ſpeakes.*

Pandora kneeling. Haile heauenly Queene, the author of all
VVhoſe wil hath wrought in me the fruits of life, (good,
And fild me with an vnderſtanding ſoule,
To know the difference twixt good and bad.

Nature liſting her vp. I make thee for a ſolace vnto men,

And ſee thou follow our commaunding will.
Now art thou *Natures* glory and delight,
Compact of euery heauenly excellence:
Thou art indowd with *Saturns* deepe conceit,
Thy minde as hawte as *Iupiters* high thoughts,
Thy ſtomack Lion-like, like *Mauors* hart,
Thine eyes bright beamde, like *Sol* in his array,
Thy cheekes more fayre, then are faire *Venus* cheekes,
Thy tongue more eloquent then *Mercuries*,
Thy forehead whiter then the ſiluer Moones:
Thus haue I robd the Planets for thy ſake.
Beſides all this, thou haſt proud *Iunoes* armes,
Auroraes hands, and louely *Thetis* foote:
Vſe all theſe well, and *Nature* is thy friend,
But vſe them ill, and *Nature* is thy foe.
Now that thy name may ſuite thy qualities,
I giue to thee *Pandora* for thy name.

Enter the ſeuen Planets.

Saturne. VVhat creature haue we heere? a new found
A ſecond man, leſſe perfect then the firſt? (gawde?
Mars. A woman this forſooth, but made in haſt,
To robbe vs Planets of our ornaments.
Iupiter. Is this the Saint, that ſteales my *Iunoes* armes?
Sol. Mine eyes? then gouerne thou my daylight carre.
Venus. My cheekes? then *Cupid* be at thy commaund.
Mercury. My tongue? thou pretty Parrat ſpeake a while,
Luna. My forehead? then faire *Cynthia* ſhine by night,
Nat. VVhat foule contempt is this you Planets vſe,
Againſt the glory of my words and worke?
It was my will, and that ſhall ſtand for lawe,
And ſhe is framd to darken all your prides.
Ordeynd not I your motions, and your ſelues?
And dare you check the author of your liues?
VVere not your lights contriude in *Natures* ſhop?
But I haue meanes to end what I begun.

And

And make Death triumphe in your liues decay:
If thus you crosse the meede of my deserts,
Be sure I will dissolue your harmonie,
VVhen once you touche the fixed period:
Meane while I leaue my worthy workmanship,
Here to obscure the pride of your disdaine. *Exit.*
Saturne. Then in reuenge of *Nature* and her worke,
Let vs conclude to shew our Emperie:
And bend our forces gainst this earthly starre.
Each one in course shall signorize awhile,
That she may feele the influence of her beames,
And rue that she was formde in our dispight:
My turne is first, and *Saturne* will begin. *He ascends.*
Iupiter. And Ile begin where *Saturne* makes an end,
And when I end, then *Mars* shall tyrrannize,
And after *Mars* then *Sol* shall marshall her.
And after *Sol* each other in his course:
Come let vs go, that *Saturne* may begin.
Saturne. I shall instill such melancholy moode,
As by corrupting of her purest bloud,
Shall first with sullen sorrowes clowde her braine,
And then surround her heart with froward care:
She shalbe sick with passions of the hart,
Selfwild, and toungtide, but full fraught with teares.
Enter Gunophilus. Gratious *Pandora: Nature* thy good friend
Hath sent *Gunophilus* to waite on thee,
For honors due that appertaines her will,
And for the graces of thy louely selfe,
Gunophilus will serue in humble sorte,
And is resolud to liue and die with thee.
Pandora. If *Nature* wild, then do attend on me,
But little seruice haue I to commaund,
If I my selfe might choose my kinde of life,
Nor thou, nor any else should stay vvith me,
I finde my selfe vnfit for company.
Gunoph. Hovv so faire Mistres in your flouring youth,

vvhen

VVhen pleaſures ioy ſhould ſit in euery thought?
Pand. Auaunt ſir ſawce, play you the Queſtioneſt?
VVhats that to thee, if I be ſick or ſad?
Eyther demeane thy ſelfe in better ſort,
Or get thee hence and ſerue ſome other where.
Gunophil. A ſowre beginning: but no remedy,
Nature hath bound me, and I muſt obey:
I ſee that ſeruants muſt haue Marchants eares,
To beare the blaſt and brunt of euery winde.
Pand. VVhat throbs are theſe that labour in my breſt?
VVhat ſwelling clouds, that ouercaſt my braine?
I burſt, vnleſſe by teares they turne to raine.
I grudge and grieue, but know not well whereat:
And rather chooſe to weepe then ſpeake my minde,
For fretfull ſorrow captiuates my tongue.
She playes the vixen with euery thing about her.

Enter Steſias, Melos, Learchus, *and* Iphicles.

Steſias. See where ſhe ſits, in whom we muſt delight,
Beware ſhe ſleepes: no noyſe for waking her.
Iphi. A ſleepe? why ſee how her alluring eyes,
VVith open lookes do glaunce on euery ſide.
Melos. O eyes more fayre then is the morning ſtarre.
Learch. *Nature* her ſelfe is not ſo louely fayre.
Steſi. Let vs with reuerence kiſſe her Lillie hands,
They all kneele to her.
And by deſerts in ſeruice win her loue.
Sweete Dame, if *Steſias* may content thine eye,
Commaund my Neate, my flock, and tender Kids:
VVhereof great ſtore do ouerſpred our plaines,
Graunt me ſweet Miſtreſſe but to kiſſe thy hand.
She hits him on the lips.
Lear. No *Steſias* no, *Learchus* is the man:
Thou myrror of Dame *Natures* cunning worke,
Let me but hold thee by that ſacred hand.

And I ſhall make thee our *Vtopian* Queene,
And ſet a guilded Chapplet on thy head,
That Nymphes and Satyrs may admyre thy pompe.
She ſtrikes his hand. He riſeth.
Gunoph. Theſe twaine and I haue fortunes all alyke.
Melos. Sweet *Natures* pride, let me but ſee thy hand,
And ſeruant lyke, ſhall *Melos* waite on thee:
And beare thy traine: as in the glorious heauens,
Perſeus ſupports his loue *Andromeda:*
VVhoſe thirty ſtarres, whether they riſe or fall,
He falles or ryſeth, hanging at her heeles.
She thruſts her hands in her pocket.
Iphi. O then to bleſſe the loue of *Iphicles*,
VVhoſe heart dooth hold thee deerer then himſelfe:
Do but behold me with a louing looke,
And I will leade thee in our ſollemne daunce,
Teaching thee tunes, and pleaſant layes of loue.
She winkes and frownes.
Steſi. No kiſſe? nor touche? nor friendly looke?
VVhat churliſh influence depriues her minde?
For *Nature* ſayd, that ſhe was innocent,
And fully fraught with vertuous qualities:
But ſpeake ſweete loue: thou canſt not ſpeake but well.
Gunoph. She is not tongue tyde, that I know by proofe.
Melos. Speake once *Pandora* to thy louing friends.
Pand. Rude knaues, what meane you thus to trouble me?
Guno. She ſpake to you my maiſters, I am none of your
Lear. Alas ſhe weeping ſounds: *Gunophilus* (company.
O helpe to reare thy Miſtreſſe from the ground.
Guno. This is the very paſſion of the heart,
And melancholy is the ground thereof.
Steſi. O then to ſift that humor from her heart,
Let vs with Rundelayes delight her eare:
For I haue heard that Muſick is a meane,
To calme the rage of melancholy moode. *They ſing.*
She ſtarteth vp and runs away at the end of the Song, ſaying.

Pand. What ſongs? what pipes? & fidling haue we here?
VVill you not ſuffer me to take my reſt? *Exit.*
Melos. VVhat ſhal we do to vanquiſh her diſeaſe?
The death of that were life to our deſires:
But let vs go, we muſt not leaue her thus. *Exeunt.*

Saturne *deſcendeth on the ſtage.*

Saturne hath layd foundation to the reſt:
VVhereon to build the ruine of this dame:
And ſpot her innocence with vicious thoughts,
My turne is paſt, and *Iupiter* is next. *Exit.*

Actus primi finis.

Act. 2. Scena. 1.

Enter Iupiter.

A Ioue principium, ſunt & Iouis omnia plena.
Now *Iupiter* ſhall rule *Pandoraes* thoughts,
And fill her with Ambition and Diſdaine;
I will inforce my influence to the worſt,
Leaſt other Planets blame my regiment.

Enter Pandora *and* Gunophilus.

Pando. Though rancor now be rooted from my hart,
I feele it burdened in an other ſort:
By day I thinke of nothing but of rule,
By night my dreames are all of Empery.
Mine eares delight to heare of Soueraingtie,
My tongue deſires to ſpeake of princely ſway,
My eye would euery obiect were a crowne.
Iup. *Danae* was fayre, and *Læda* pleaſd me well,
Louely *Caliſto* ſet my hart on fyre:
And in mine eye *Europa* was a gemme,
But in the beauty of this Paragon,
Dame *Nature* far hath gone beyond her ſelfe,
And in this one are all my loues conteind.

And come what can come, *Iupiter* ſhall prooue,
If fayre *Pandora* will accept his loue:
But firſt I muſt diſcuſſe this heauenly clowde:
That hydes me from the ſight of mortall eyes.
Behold *Pandora* where thy louer ſits,
High *Ioue* himſelfe, who rauiſht with thy blaze,
Receiues more influence then he powers on thee,
And humbly ſues for ſuccour at thy hands.
Pand. VVhy what art thou? more then *Vtopian* ſwaines?
Iup. The king of Gods, one of immortall race,
And he that with a beck controules the heauens.
Pand. VVhy then *Pandora* dooth exceed the heauens,
VVho neither feares nor loueth *Iupiter*.
Iup. Thy beauty will excuſe what ere thou ſay,
And in thy lookes thy words are priuiledgd.
But if *Pandora* did conceiue thoſe gifts,
That Ioue can giue, ſhe would eſteeme his loue,
For I can make thee Empreſſe of the world,
And ſeate thee in the glorious firmament.
Pand. The words of Empreſſe and of firmament,
More pleaſe mine eares then *Iupiter* mine eyes:
Yet if thy loue be lyke to thy proteſt:
Giue me thy golden ſcepter in my hand.
But not as purchaſe of my precious loue,
For that is more then heauen it ſelfe is worthe.
Iup. There, hold the ſcepter of Eternall *Ioue*,
But let not Maieſtie encreaſe thy pride.
Pand. VVhat lack I now but an imperiall throne,
And *Ariadnes* ſtar-lyght Diadem.

Enter Iuno.

Iuno. Falſe periurd *Iupiter* and full of guile,
Are theſe the fruites of thy new gouernment?
Is *Iunoes* beauty and thy wedlock vowe,
And all my kindneſſe troden vnder foote?
VVaſt not enough to fancie ſuch a trull,

But thou muſt yeeld thy ſceptet to her hand?
I thought that *Ganimede* had wened thy hart,
From lawleſſe luſt of any womans loue:
But well I ſee that euery time thou ſtrayeſt,
Thy luſt but lookes for ſtrumpet ſtars belowe.
Pand. VVhy know, *Pandora* ſcornes both *Ioue* and thee,
And there ſhe layes his ſcepter on the ground.
Iuno. This ſhall with me to our Celeſtiall court,
VVhere gods (fond *Iupiter*) ſhall ſee thy ſhame:
And laugh at Loue for tainting Maieſtie,
And when you pleaſe, you will repaire to vs,
But as for thee, thou ſhameleſſe counterfet:
Thy pride ſhall quickly looſe her painted plumes,
And feele the heauy weight of *Iunoes* wrath. *Exit Iuno.*
Pand. Let *Iuno* fret, and mooue the powers of heauen,
Yet in her ſelfe *Pandora* ſtands ſecure:
Am I not *Natures* darling and hir pride?
Hath ſhe not ſpent her treaſure all on me?
Iup. Yet be thou wiſe (I counſell thee for loue)
And feare diſpleaſure at a goddeſſe hand.
Pand. I tell thee *Iupiter*, *Pandoras* worth
Is farre exceeding all your goddeſſes:
And ſince in her thou doſt obſcure my prayſe,
Here (to be ſhort) I do abiure thy loue.
Iup. I may not blame thee for my beames are cauſe,
Of all this inſolence and proud diſdaine:
But to preuent a ſecond raging ſtorme,
If iealious *Iuno* ſhould by chaunce returne,
Here ends my loue: *Pandora* now farewell. *Exit.*
Pand. And art thou clouded vp? fare as thou liſt,
Pandoraes hart ſhall neuer ſtoope to *Ioue*:
Gunophilus, baſe vaſſaile as thou art,
How haps when *Iuno* was in preſence here,
Thou didſt not honor me with kneele and crowche,
And lay thy hands vnder my precious foote?
He powres downe a number of curteſies.

To

To make her know the height of my desart.
Base pesaunt, humbly watch my stately lookes,
And yeeld applause to euery word I speake:
Or from my seruice Ile discarde thee quite.
Gunophilus *on his knees,*
Guno. Fayre and dread Soueraigne, Lady of the world,
Euen then when iealous *Iuno* was in place:
As I beheld the glory of thy face,
My feeble eyes admiring maiestie,
Did sinke into my hart such holly feare,
That very feare amazing euery sence,
VVithheld my tongue from saying what I would:
And freezd my ioynts from bowing when they should.
Pand. I now *Gunophilus* thou pleasest me,
These words and cursies prooue thee dutifull.

Enter Stesias, Learchus, Melos,
and Iphicles.

Stes. Now *Stesias* speake.
Learch. *Learchus*, plead for loue.
Iphi. Now *Cyprian* Queene, guider of louing thoughts,
Helpe *Iphicles*.
Melos. *Melos* must speed, or dye.
Gunoph. VVhether now my maisters in such post hast?
Her excellence is not at leisure now.
Stesias. O sweet *Gunophilus* further our attempts.
Iph. And we shall make thee riche with our rewards.
Guno. Stay heere vntill I know her further pleasure:
Stesias & his felows humbly craue accesse to your excellēce.
Pand. I now thou fittest my humor: Let them come.
Guno. Come on maisters.
Stesias. Tel on my deare, when comes that happy houre,
VVhereon thy loue shall guerden my desire.
Learch. How long shall sorows winter pinche my hart?
And luke warme hopes be child with freezing feare,
Before my suite obteyne thy sweete consent?

Iphi. How long ſhall death, incroching by delayes,
Abridge the courſe of my decaying life:
Before *Pandora* loue poore *Iphicles?*
Melos. How long ſhall cares cut off my flowring prime,
Before the harueſt of my loue be in?
Steſias. O ſpeake ſweete loue.
Iphi. Some gentle words ſweet loue.
Learch. O let thy tongue firſt ſalue *Learchus* wound,
That firſt was made with thoſe immortall eyes.
Melos. The only promiſe of thy future loue,
VVill drowne the ſecret heapes of my diſpayre,
In endleſſe Ocean of expected ioyes.
Pand. Although my breſt, yet neuer harbored loue,
Yet ſhould my bountie free your ſeruitude:
If loue might well conſort our Maieſtie,
And not debaſe our matchleſſe dignitie.
Steſ. Sweet hony words, but ſawſt with bitter gawle.
Iphi. They drawe me on, and yet they put me back.
Learch. They hold me vp, and yet they let me fall.
Melos. They giue me life, and yet they let me dye.
Ste. But as thou wilt, ſo giue me ſweet or ſowre:
For in thy pleaſure muſt be my content.
Iphi. VVhether thou drawe me on, or put me back,
I muſt admyre thy beauties wilderneſſe.
Lear. And as thou wilt, ſo let me ſtand or fall:
Loue hath decreed thy word muſt gouerne me.
Melos. And as thou wilt, ſo let me liue or dye,
In life or death I muſt obey thy wyll.
Pand. I pleaſe my ſelfe in your humility,
Yet will I make ſome triall of your faith,
Before I ſtoope to fauour your complaints:
For wot ye well *Pandora* knowes her worth,
He that will purchaſe things of greateſt prize,
Muſt conquer by his deeds, and not by words:
Go then all foure, and ſlay the ſauadge Boare,
VVhich roauing vp and downe with ceaſeleſſe rage,

Deſtroyes

Deſtroyes the fruit of our *Vtopian* fields,
And he that firſt preſents me with his head,
Shall weare my gloue in fauour of the deed.
Melos. VVe go *Pandora.*
Lear. Nay we runne.
Ste. VVe flye.
Pan. Thus muſt *Pandora* exerciſe theſe ſwaines,
Commaunding them to daungerous exploits:
And were they kings my beautie ſhould commaund,
Sirra *Gunophilus* beare vp my traine.
Exit Pandora *and* Gunoph.

Enter Mars.

Mars. *Mars* comes intreated by the Queene of heauen,
To ſummon *Ione* from this his regiment:
Such iealious humor croweth in her braine,
That ſhe is mad till he returne from hence.
Now Soueraigne *Ione* king of immortal kings,
Thy louely *Iuno* long hath lookt for thee,
And till thou come thinkes euery howre a yeere.
Iup. And *Ione* will go the ſooner to aſſwage,
Her franticke, idle, and ſuſpitious thoughts,
For well I know *Pandora* troubles her,
Nor will ſhe calme the tempeſt of her minde,
Til with a whirlwinde of outragious words,
She beat mine eares, and weep curſt hart away. *He deſcends.*
Yet will I go, for words are but a blaſt,
And ſun-ſhine wil inſue when ſtormes are paſt.
Exit with Ganimede.

Mars *in his ſeate.*

Now bloudy *Mars* begins to play his part,
Ile worke ſuch warre within *Pandoraes* breſt,
(And ſomewhat more for *Iunoes* fayre requeſt)
That after all her churliſhneſſe and pride:
She ſhall become a vixen Martialiſt.

Enter

Enter the foure Shepheards, with the Boares head.

Steſias. Heere let vs ſtay till fayre *Pandora* come,
And then ſhal *Steſias* haue his due rewarde.
Iphi. And why not *Iphicles* as well as you?
Melos. The prize is mine, my ſword cut off his head.
Lear. But firſt my ſpeare did wound him to the death.
Steſi. He fell not downe till I had goard his ſide.
Lear. Content you all, *Learchus* did the deed,
And I will make it good who eare ſayes nay.
Melos. *Melos* will dye before he loſe his right.
Iphi. Nay then tis time to ſnatch, the head is mine.
Steſ. Lay downe, or I ſhal lay thee on the earth. *They fight.*

Enter Pandora *and Gunophilus.*

Pand. I, ſo, fayre and far off, for feare of hurt,
See how the cowards counterfet a fray:
Strike home you daſtard ſwaines, ſtrike home I ſay,
Fight you in ieſt? let me beſtur me then,
And ſee if I can cudgel yee all foure.
She ſnatcheth the ſpeare out of Steſias *hand & layes about her.*
Guno. VVhat? is my miſtreſſe mankinde on the ſudden?
Lear. Alas why ſtrikes *Pandora* her beſt frends?
Pand. My friends, baſe peſants,
My friends would fight like men:
Auaunt, or I ſhall lay you all for dead.
Exeunt, all ſauing Steſias.

Steſ. See cruell fayre, how thou haſt wrongd thy friend.
He ſheweth his ſhirt all bloudy.
To ſpill his blood that kept it but for thee,
Thers my deſart: And here is my rewarde,
Pointing firſt to the head on the ground: and then to his wound.
I dare not ſay of an ingratefull minde:
But if *Pandora* had been well aduiſd,
This dare I ſay, that *Steſias* had been ſparde.

Pand.

Pan. Begon I ſay, before I ſtrike againe.
Guno. O ſtay ſweete miſtreſſe and be ſatiſfied.
Pand. Baſe vaſſall how darſt thou preſume to ſpeake?
VVilt thou incounter any deed of mine, *She beats*
How long haue you beene made a counſeller? *him.*
Exit Gunoph. *running away.*
Steſi. Here ſtrike thy fill make lauiſh of my life,
That in my death my loue may finde reliefe:
Launce vp my ſide, that when my heart leapes out,
Thou maiſt behold how it is ſcorcht with loue,
And euery way croſwounded with deſire,
There ſhalt thou read my paſſions deepe ingrauen,
And in the midſt onely *Pandoraes* name.
Pand. VVhat telſt thou me of loue and fancies fire?
Fyre of debate is kindled in my hart,
And were it not that thou art all vnarmd,
Be ſure I ſhould make tryall of thy ſtrength,
But now the death of ſome fierce ſauadge beaſt:
In bloud ſhall end my furies tragedie,
For fight I muſt, or elſe my gall will burſt. *Exit* Pand.
Steſi. Ah ruthleſſe hart, harder then Adamant,
VVhoſe eares are deafe againſt affections plaints,
And eyes are blinde, when ſorrow ſheds her teares:
Neither contented that I liue nor dye.
But fondling as I am, why grieue I thus?
Is not *Pandora* miſtris of my life?
Yes, yes, and euery act of hers is iuſt.
Her hardeſt words are but a gentle winde:
Her greateſt wound is but a pleaſing harme,
Death at her hands is but a ſecond life. *Exit* Steſi.

Mars *deſcendeth.*

Mars hath inforſt *Pandora* gainſt her kinde,
To manage armes and quarrell with her friends:
And thus I leaue her, all incenſt with yre:
Let *Sol* coole that which I haue ſet on fire. *Exit.*

Actus 2. finis.

Act. 3. Scena. 1.

Enter Sol *and take his ſeate.*

Sol. In looking downe vpon this baſer woilde,
I long haue ſeene and rude *Pandoraes* harmes,
But as my ſelfe by nature am inclinde,
So ſhall ſhe now become, gentle and kinde,
Abandoning all rancour, pride, and rage,
And changing from a Lion to a Lambe,
She ſhalbe louing liberall and chaſte,
Diſcreete and patient, mercifull and milde,
Inſpired with poetry and propheſie,
And vertues apperteyning womanhoode.

Enter Pandora *with* Gunophilus

Pand. Tell me *Gunophilus* how doth *Steſias* now?
How fares he with his wound? vnhappy me,
That ſo vnkindely hurt ſo kind a friende,
But *Steſias* if thou pardon what is paſt,
I ſhall rewarde thy ſufferaunce with loue,
Theſe eyes that were like two malignant ſtarres,
Shall yeeld their comfort with their ſweet aſpect.
And theſe my lippes that did blaſpheme thy loue,
Shall ſpeake thee fayre and bleſſe thee with a kiſſe,
And this my hand that hurt thy tender ſide,
Shall firſt with herbes recure the wound it made,
Then plight my fayth to thee in recompence.
And thou *Gunophilus* I pray thee pardon me,
That I miſdid thee in my witles rage,
As time ſhall yeelde occaſion be thou ſure,
I will not fayle to make thee ſome amends.
Gunop. I ſo content me in this pleaſaunt calme.

That

That former ſtormes are vtterly forgot.

Enter foure ſhepherdes.

Leare. We follow ſtill in hope of grace to come,
Iphi. O ſweete *Pandora* deigne our humble ſuites.
Melos. O graunt me loue or wound me to the death.
Pand. Stand vp: *Pandora* is no longer proud,
But ſhames at folly of her former deedes,
But why ſtandes *Steſias* like a man diſmayde?
Draw neare I ſay and thou with all the reſt.
Forgiue the rigour of *Pandoraes* hand,
And quite forget the faultes of my diſdayne.
Now is the time if you conſent all foure,
VVherein Ile make amends for olde offence.
One of you foure ſhalbe my wedlocke mate,
And all the reſt my welbeloued friendes:
But vowe you here in preſence of the Gods,
That when I chooſe, my choyſe ſhall pleaſe you all.
Ste. Then make I vowe, by *Pallas* ſhepherds Queene,
That *Steſias* will alowe *Pandoraes* choyſe.
But if he ſpeede that leſſe deſerues then I,
Ile rather dye, then grudge or make complaynt.
Melos. I ſweare the like by all our country gods,
Iphi. And I by our *Dianes* holy head.
Leare. And I by *Ceres* and her ſacred Nymphes.
Pand. Then loue and Hymen bleſſe me in my choyſe.
You all are young and all are louely fayre,
All kinde, and curteous and of ſweete demeane,
All right and valiaunt, all in flowring prime,
But ſince you graunt my will his libertie,
Come *Steſias* take *Pandora* by the hand,
And with my hand I plight my ſpotles fayth.
Ste. The word hath almoſt ſlayne me with delight.
Leare. The worde with ſorowe killeth me outright.
Melos. O happy *Steſias*, but vnhappy me,
Iphi. Come let vs goe and weepe our want els where

Stesias hath got *Pandora* from vs all. *Exeunt.*

Pand. Their sad depart would make my hart to earne,
VVere not the ioyes that I conceaue in thee:
Go, go, *Gunophilus* without delay,
Gather me balme and cooling Violets,
And of our holly hearbe *Nicotian*,
And bring with all pure hunny from the hyue,
That I may heere compound a wholsome salue,
To heale the wound of my vnhappy hand.

Gunoph. I goe.

Stesias. Blest be the hand that made so happy wound,
For in my sufferance haue I wonne thy loue,
And blessed thou, that hauing tryed my faith,
Hast giuen admittance to my harts desert,
Now all is well, and all my hurt is whole,
And I in paradise of my delight.
Come louely spouse, let vs go walke the woods,
VVhere warbling birds recorde our happines:
And whisling leaues make musick to our myrthe,
And *Flora* strews her bowre to welcome thee.

Pand. But first sweet husband, be thou ruld by me,
Go make prouision for some holy rytes:
That zeale may prosper our new ioyned loue,
And by and by my selfe will follw thee.

Ste. Stay not my deere, for in thy lookes I liue. *Exit.*

Pand. I feele my selfe inspyrd, but wot not how,
Nor what it is, vnlesse some holy powre:
My heart foretels me many things to come,
And I am full of vnacquainted skil:
Yet such as wil not issue from my tongue,
But like *Sibillaes* goulden propheties,
Affecting rather to be clad in verse,
(The certaine badge of great *Apolloes* gift)
Then to be spred and soyld in vulgar words,
And now to ease the burden of my bulke,
Like *Sibill*, thus *Pandora* must begin,

Enter

Enter Steſias.

Come my *Pandora*, *Steſias* ſtayes for thee.
Pand. Peace man, with reuerence here & note my words,
For from *Pandora* ſpeakes the Lawreat God.
Utopiæ Steſias Phœnici ſoluit amorem,
Numina cælorum dum pia præcipiunt.
And backward thus the ſame, but double ſence.
Præcipiunt pia dum cælorum Numina, amorem
Soluit Phœnici Steſias Utopiæ.
He ſoberly repeating theſe verſes, firſt forward and then backward, ſayeth.
Steſi. If *ſoluere amorem* ſignifie to loue,
Then meanes this propheſie good to *Steſias*:
But if it ſigniſie to withdrawe loue,
Then is it ill aboadement to vs both:
But ſpeake *Pandora* while the God inſpyres.
Pand. *Idaliis prior hic pueris eſt: æquoris Alti*
Pulchrior hæc nymphis, & prior Aoniis.
And backward thus, but ſtill all one in ſenſe.
Aoniis prior, & nymphis hæc pulchrior alti
Æquoris eſt: pueris hic prior Idaliis.
He ſoberly repeating theſe alſo, backward and forward, ſayeth:
Steſi. Forward and back, theſe alſo are alike
And ſence all one, the pointing only changd:
They but import *Pandoraes* praiſe and mine.
Pand. Euen now beginneth my furie to retyre,
And now with *Steſias* hence wil I retyre. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

Enter *Venus.*

Phœbus away, thou makſt her too preciſe,
Ile haue her wittie, quick, and amorous,
Delight in reuels and in banqueting,

VVanton diſcourſes, muſicke and merrie ſonges.
Sol. Bright *Cyprian* Queene intreate *Pandora* fayre.
For though at firſt Phœbus enuied her lookes,
Yet now doth he admire her glorious hew.
And ſweares that neyther *Daphne* in the ſpring,
Nor gliſtering *Thetis* in her orient robe,
Nor ſhamefaſt morning gert in ſiluer cloudes.
Are halfe ſo louely as this earthly ſainte.
Venus. And being ſo fayre my beames ſhall make her light,
For Lenety is Beauties wayting mayde.
Sol. Make Chaſtity *Pandoraes* wayting mayde,
For modeſt thoughtes beſeemes a woman beſt.
Venus. Away with chaſtity and modeſt thoughts,
Quo mihi fortuna ſi non conceditur vti?
Is ſhe not young? then let her to the worlde,
All thoſe are ſtrumpets that are ouer chaſte,
Defying ſuch as keepe their company,
Tis not the touching of a womans hand,
Kiſſing her lips, hanging about her necke.
A ſpeaking looke, no nor a yeelding worde,
That men expect, beleeue me *Sol* tis more,
And were *Mars* here he would proteſt as much.
Sol. But what is more then this is worſe then nought,
I dare not ſtay leaſt ſhe infect me too. *Exit.*
Venus. what is he gone, then light foote *Ioculus*,
Set me *Pandora* in a dauncing vayne,
Iocu. Fayre mother I will make *Pandora* blyth,
And like a Satyre hop vpon theſe playnes. *Exit.*
Venus. Go *Cupid* giue her all the golden ſhafts.
And ſhe will take thee for a forreſter.
Cupid. I will and you ſhall ſee her ſtreight in loue. *Exit.*
Venus *aſcendeth.*
Venus. Here *Venus* ſit, and with thy influence,
Gouerne *Pandora*, Natures miracle.

Enter

Enter Pandora and Ioculus.

Pan. Prethee be quiet wherefore ſhould I daunce?
Ioc. Thus daunce the Satyrs on the euen lawnes.
Pand. Thus prety Satyr will *Pandora* daunce.
Cupid. And thus will *Cupid* make her melody.

He ſhootes.

Iocu. VVere I a man I could loue thee.
Pand. I am a mayden wilt thou haue me?
Iocu. But *Steſias* ſaith you are not.
Pand. VVhat then? I care not.
Cupid. Nor I.
Iocu. Nor I,
Pand. Then merely farewell my mayden head.
Theſe be all the teares Ile ſhed,
Turne about and tryppe it.
Ven. *Venus.* *Cupid* and *Ioculus*, come leaue her now.

Exeunt.

Pand. The boyes are gone and I will follow them.
I will not follow them they are to young.
VVhat hony thoughts are in *Pandoraes* brayne?
Hoſpitis eſt tepedo nocte recepta ſui.
Ah I enuie her, why was not I ſo?
And ſo will I be, where is *Iphicles*,
Melos, *Learchus*? any of the three?
I cure the ſicke? I ſtudy Poetry?
I thinke of honour and of chaſtitie?
No: loue is fitter then *Pandoraes* thoughts,
Yet not the loue of *Steſias* alone,
Learchus is as fayre as *Steſias*,
And *Melos* louelier then *Learchus* farre.
But might I choſe, I would haue Iphicles,
And of them all *Steſias* deſerues the leaſt.

Muſt I be tyde to him ? no Ile be looſe,
As looſe as *Helen*, for I am as fayre.

Enter Gunophilus.

Miſtreſſe, here be the hearbs for my maiſters wound?

Pand. Prety *Gunophilus*, giue me the hearbs:
VVhere didſt thou gather them my louely boye?

Gunoph. Vpon *Learchus* plaine.

Pand. I feare me *Cupid* daunſt vpon the plaine,
I ſee his arrow head vpon the leaues.

Gunoph. And I his golden quiuer and his bowe.

Pand. Thou dooſt diſſemble, but I meane good ſooth,
Theſe hearbes haue wrought ſome wondrous effect,
Had they this vertue from thy Lilly hands?
Lets ſee thy hands my fayre *Gunophilus*.

Gunoph. It may be they had, for I haue not waſht them this many a day.

Pand. Such ſlender fingers hath *Iones* Ganymede,
Gunophilus, I am loue ſick for thee.

Gunoph. O that I were worthy you ſhould be ſick for me.

Pand. I languiſh for thee, therefore be my loue.

Gunoph. Better you languiſh then I be beaten,
Pardon me, I dare not loue, becauſe of my Maiſter.

Pand. Ile hide thee in a wood, and keepe thee cloſe.

Gunoph. But what if he come a hunting that way.

Pand. Ile ſay thou art a Satyre of the woods.

Guno. Then I muſt haue hornes.

Pand. I ſo thou ſhalt, Ile giue thee *Steſias* hornes.

Gunoph. VVhy he hath none.

Pand. But he may haue ſhortly,

Gunoph. Yee ſay true, and of that condition I am yours.

Enter Learchus.

I may not ſpeake of loue, for I haue vowd,
Nere to ſollicit her, but reſt content.
Therefore onely gaze eyes to pleaſe your ſelues,

Let

Let not my inward ſence know what you ſee,
Leaſt that my fancie doate vpon her ſtill.
Pandora is diuine, but ſay not ſo,
Leaſt that thy heart heare thee and breake in tawine,
I may not coutt her, what a hell is this?
Pand. Gunopilus: Ile haue a banquet ſtreight,
Goe thou prouide it, and then meete me here.
Gunop. I will? but by your leaue Ile ſtay a while.
Learc. Happy are thoſe that be *Pandoraes* gueſtes,
Pand. Then happy is *Learchus*, he is my gueſt.
Learc. And greater ioy doe I conceaue therein,
Then *Tantalus* that feaſted with the Gods.
Gunop. Miſtres, the banquet.
Pand. VVhat of the banquet?
Gunop. You haue bid no body to it,
Pand. VVhats that to you? Goe and prepare it.
Gu. And in the meane time you will be in loue with him.
I pray let me ſtay and bid him prepare the bauquet.
Pand. Away ye peaſant.
Gunop. Now ſhe begins to loue me.
Pand. Learchus had I markt this golden hayre,
I had not choſen *Steſias* for my loue.
But now.
Learc. Loucly *Pandora*, if a ſhepherds teares,
May moue thee vnto rueth, pity my ſtate,
Make me thy loue, though *Steſias* be thy choyſe,
And I in ſteade of loue will honour thee.
Pan. Had he not ſpoke I ſhould haue courted him:
VVilt thou not ſay *Pandora* is to light,
If ſhe take thee inſteede of *Steſias*?
Learc. Rather ile dye then haue but ſuch a thought.
Pan. Then ſhepheard this kiſſe ſhalbe our nuptials.
Learc. This kiſſe hath made me welthier then *Pan.*
Pand. Then come agayne: Now be as great as *Ione.*
Lea. Let *Steſias* neuer touch theſe lippes agayne.
Pan. None but *Learchus*: Now ſweete loue begone,

Leaſt *Steſias* take thee in this amarous vayne,
But go no farther then thy bower my loue,
Ile ſteale from *Steſias* and meete thee ſtreight.
Lear. I will *Pandora*, and agaynſt thou comſt.
ſtrew all my bower with flagges and water mints. *Exit.*
Pand. A huſband? what a foliſh word is that?
Giue me a louer, let the huſband goe.

Enter Melos.

Melos. O *Iphicles*, behold the heauenly Nymphe.
Iph. VVe may beholde her but ſhe ſcornes our loue.
Pand. Are theſe the ſhepherds that made loue to me?
Melos. Yea and the ſhepherds that yet loue thee ſtill.
Iph. O that *Pandora* would regard my ſuite.
Pand. They looke like water Nymphes, but ſpeake like (men,
Thou ſhould be Nature in a mans attire,
And thou young Ganimayde Minion to Ioue.
Melos. Then would I make a worlde and giue it thee.
Iph. Then would I leaue great Ioue, to follow thee.
Pand. *Melos* is louelieſt, *Melos* is my loue,
Come hether *Melos* I muſt tell thee newes,
Newes tragicall to thee and to thy flock.
She whiſpers in his eare.
Melos I loue thee, meete me in the vale.
She ſpeakes aloude.
I ſaw him in the VVolues mouth, *Melos* flye.
Melos. O that ſo fayre a Lambe ſhould be deuoured:
Ile goe and reſcue him.
Iph. Could *Iphicles* goe from thee for a Lambe,
The wolfe take all my flocke, ſo I haue thee,
VVill me to diue for pearle into the ſea,
To fetch the fethers of the Arabian bird,
The Golden Apples from the Heſperian wood,
Maremaydes glaſſe, Floras abbiliment,
So I may haue *Pandora* for my loue.
Pand. He that would do all this, muſt loue me well,

And

And why ſhould he loue me and I not him?
VVilt thou for my ſake goe into yon groue?
And we will ſing vnto the wilde birdes notes.
And be as pleaſant as the Weſtern winde,
That kiſſes flowers and wantons with their leaues.
Iph. VVill I? O that *Pandora* would.
Pand. I will and therefore followe *Iphicles*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steſias *with* Gunophilus.

Ste. Did baſe *Learchus* court my heauenly loue?
Pardon me *Pan* if to reuenge this deed,
I ſhed the blood of that deſembling ſwaine,
VVith Iealous fire my heart begins to burne.
Ah bring me where he is *Gunophilus*,
Leaſt he intice *Pandora* from my bower.
Gunop. I know not where he is, but here heele be:
I muſt prouide the banquet, and be gone.
Ste. VVhat will the ſhepherds banquet with my wife.
O light *Pandora* canſt thou be thus falſe?
Tell me where is this wanton banquet kept?
That I may hurle the diſhes at their heades,
Mingle the wine with blood and end the feaſt,
VVith Tragicke outcries like the Theban Lord,
VVhere fayre Hippodamia was eſpouſd.
Gu. Here in this place, for ſo ſhe poynted me.
Ste. VVhere might I hide me to behold the ſame.
Gu. O in this caue for ouer this theyle ſitte.
Ste. But then I ſhall not ſee them when they kiſſe,
Gu. Yet you may here what they ſay, if they kiſſe ile hol-
Ste. But do ſo then my ſweete *Gunophilus* (low,
And as a ſtronge winde bruſing from the earth,
So will I riſe out of this hollow vault:
making the woods ſhake with my furious wordes.
Guno. But if they come not at all, or when they come do vſe themſelues honeſtly, then come not out, leaſt you ſeeming Iealious make her ouer hate you.

Ste. Not for the worlde vnles I heare thee call,
Or els their wanton ſpeech prouoke me forth.

Gunop. VVell in then, wert not a prety ieſt to bury him quicke, I warrant it would be a good while eare ſhe would ſcratch him out of his graue with her nayles, and yet ſhee might too, for ſhe hath digd ſuch vaults in my face that ye may go from my chinne to my eyebrowes betwixt the ſkin and the fleſh, wonder not at it good people I can proue there hath bene two or three marchantes with me to hire romes to lay in wine, but that they doe not ſtand ſo conueniently as they wold wiſh, for indeed they are euery one too neare my mouth, and I am a great drinker, I had had a quarters rent before hand. VVel be it knowne vnto all men that I haue done this to cornute my mayſter, for yet I could neuer haue opportunitie. You would litle thinke my necke is growne away with loking back as I haue been a kiſſing, for feare he ſhould come, and yet it is a fayre example, beware of kiſſing bretheren. VVhat doth the caue open? ere ſhe and he haue done heele picke the lock with his horne.

Enter Pandora.

Pan. Now haue I playde with wanton *Iphicles*.
Yea and kept touch with *Melos*, both are pleaſed,
Now were *Learchus* here? but ſtay me thinkes
here is *Gunophilus* Ile goe with him.

Gunop. Miſtres my mayſter is in this caue thinking to meete you and *Learchus* here.

Pand. VVhat is he Iealious? come *Gunophilus*
In ſpite of him Ile kiſſe thee twenty times.

Gunop. O looke how my lippes quiuer for feare.

Pan. VVhere is my huſband ſpeake *Gunophilus*.

Gunop. He is in the woods and will be here anon.

Pan. I but he ſhall not.
His fellow ſwaines will meet me in this bower,
VVho for his ſake I meane to entertayne,
If he knew of it he would meete them here.

Ah where ſo ere he be, ſafe may he be,
Thus hold I vp my hands to heauen for him,
Thus weepe I for my deere loue *Steſias*.
Gano. VVhen will the ſhepheards come?
Pand. Imediately, prepare the banquet ſtreight,
Meane time Ile pray that *Steſias* may be here,
Bring *Iphicles* and *Melos* with thee and tell them
Of my huſband. *Deſcendit ad inferos.*
Gun. Youle loue them then?
Pan. No, onely thee, yet let them ſitte with me,
Guno. Content, ſo you but ſit with them. *Exit.*

Enter Learchus.

Lea. VVhy hath *Pandora* thus deluded me?
Band. *Learchus* whiſt my huſbands in this caue,
Thinking to take vs together here.
Lea. Shall I ſlay him, and enioy thee ſtill?
Pand. No, let him liue but had he Argos eyes,
He ſhould not keepe me from *Learchus* loue,
Thus will I hang about *Learchus* necke:
And ſucke out happineſſe from forth his lippes.
Lear. And this ſhalbe the heauen that Ile ayme at.

Enter Gunophilus.

Gun. *Sic vos non vobis, ſic vos non vobis.*
Lear. what meanſt thou by that?
Guno. Here is a coment vpon my wordes,
He throwes the Glaſſe downe and breakes it.
Pand. VVherefore doeſt thou breake the glaſſe.
Gu. Ile anſwere it, ſhall I prouide a banquet and be co ſend of the beſt diſh? I hope ſyr you haue ſayde grace, and now may I fall too.
He takes his miſtres by the hand and imbraceth her.
Lear. Away baſe ſwayne.
Gu. Sir as baſe as I am Ile goe for currant here.
Lear. VVhat? will *Pandora* be thus light?

G. O you ſtand vpon the weight, wel if ſhe were twenty graines lighter I would not refuſe her prouided alwayes, ſhe be not clipt within the ringe.

Pand. *Gunophilus* thou art too malepert.
Thinke nothimg, for I can not ſhift him off,
Sirra prouide the banquet you are beſt.

G. I will and that incontinently for indeed I cannot ab-

P. Here take thou *Melos* fauours, keep it cloſe, (ſtein. *Exit*
For he and *Iphicles* will ſtreight be here,
I loue them not, they both importune me,
Yet muſt I make as if I loue them both.
Here they come.
VVelcome *Learchus* to *Pandoraes* feaſt.

Enter Melos *and* Iphicles.

Melos. VVhat makes *Learchus* here?

Iph. wherefore ſhould *Melos* banquet with my loue?

Le. My heart ryſeth againſt this *Iphicles.*

Pand. *Melos* my loue. Sit downe ſweete *Iphicles.*

Mel. She daunts *Learchus* with a ſtrange aſpect.

Le. I like not that ſhe whiſpers vnto him.

Iph. I warrant you.

Pand. Hers to the health of *Steſias* my loue,
VVould he were here to welcome you all three.

Mel. I will go ſeeke him in the buſky groues.

Gu. You loſe your labour then, he is at his flocke.

Pand. I he wayes more his flocke then me. *ſhe weepes.*

Iph. weepe not *Pandora* for he loues thee well.

Pand. And I loue him.

Iph. But why is *Melos* ſad?

Mel. For thee I am ſad, thou haſt iniured me,

Pand. Knowes not *Melos* I loue him.

Iph. Thou iniureſt me and I wilbe reuenged.

Pand. Hath *Iphicles* forgot my wordes.

Gu. If I ſhould hollow they were all vndone.

Lea. They both are lealious yet miſtruſt me not.

Iphi-

Iph. Here *Melos.*
Mel. I pledge thee *Iphicles.*
Pand. Learchus goe thou knowſt my minde.
Ler. Shall I ſit here thus to be made a ſtale,
Louely *Pandora* meanes to follow me:
Farewell this feaſt, my bauquet comes not yet. *Exit.*
Iph. Let him goe.
Mel. Pandora go with me to *Stesias.*
Iph. No, rather goe with me.
Mel. Away baſe *Iphicles.*
Iph. Coward hand of, or els Ile ſtrike thee downe,
Pand. My huſband heres you, will you ſtriue for wine.
Giue vs a freſh cup, I will haue ye friends.
Mel. I defie thee *Iphicles.*
Iph. I thee *Melos.*
Gu. Both of them are drunke.
Mel. Is this thy loue to me?
Pand. Nay if you fall out farewell,
Now will I goe meet *Learchus.* *Exit* Pand.
Iph. I ſee thy Iugling, thou ſhalt want thy will.
Mel. Follow me if thou darſt, and fight it out.
Iph. If I dare, Yes I dare and will? Come thou.
Gun. Hollow, hollovv.

He viſeth out of the caue.

Ste. vvhere is the villayne that hath kiſt my loue
Gu. No body mayſter.
Ste. vvhy ſtriue they then?
Gu. Tvvas for a cup of vvine, they vvere all drunke.
Ste. vvhither is my vvife gone?
Gu. To ſeeke you.
Ste. Ah *Pandora* pardon me thou art chaſte,
Thou madſt me to ſuſpect her, take thou that.
Gu. O mayſter I did for good vvill to you.
Ste And I beat thee for good vvill to her.
VVhat haſt thou to doe betvvixt man and vvife?
Gun. Too much vvith the man, too litle vvith the vvife.
Exeunt. *Finis Actus tertij.* Actus

Act. 4. *Scen.* 1.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Empreſſe of loue giue Hermes leaue to reigne,
My courſe comes next therefore reſigne to me.

Deſcend Venus.

Venus. Aſcend thou winged purſeuant of Ioue.

Mer. Now ſhall *Pandora* be no more in loue,
And all theſe ſwaines that were her fauorits,
Shall vnderſtand there miſtres hath playde falſe,
And lothing her blab all to *Steſias.*
Now is *Pandora* in my regiment,
And I will make her falſe and full of ſlights,
Theeuiſh, lying, ſuttle, eloquent.
For theſe alone belong to Mercury.

Enter Melos, Learchus, Iphicles.

Iphi. Vnkind *Pandora* to delude me thus.

Lear. Too kinde *Learchus* that hath loude her thus.

Melos. Too fooliſh *Melos* that yet dotes on her.

Lear. Blacke be the Iuory of her tyſing face,

Melos. Dimde be the ſun-ſhine of her rauiſhing eyes.

Iph. Fayre may her face be, beautifull her eyes,

Lear. O *Iphicles* abiure her, ſhe is falſe.

Iphi. To thee *Learchus* and to *Melos* falſe,

Mel. Nay to vs all too falſe and full of guile,

Lear. How many thouſand kiſſes gaue ſhe me.
And euery kiſſe mixt with an amorous glaunce.

Melos. How oft haue I leand on her ſiluer breaſt,
She ſinging on her Lute, and *Melos* being the note.

Iphis. But waking, what ſweete paſtime haue I had,
For loue is watchfull, and can neuer ſleepe.

Melos. But ere I ſlept.

Lea. VVhen I had liſt.

Iph. VVhat then?

Melos. Cætera quis neſcit?
Lear. Melos preuents me that I ſhould haue ſayd.
Iph. Bluſh *Iphicles* and in thy Roſie cheekes.
Let all the heat that feeds thy heart appeare.
Lear. Droope not fayre *Iphicles* for her miſdeeds:
But to reuenge it haſt to *Steſias.*
Mel. Yea he ſhall know ſhe is laſciuious.
Iphi. In this complaint Ile ioyne with thee, let vs go.
Lear. Stay heere he comes.

Enter Steſias *with* Gunophilus.

Ste. O *Steſias* what a heauenly loue haſt thou?
A loue as chaſte as is *Apolloes* tree:
As modeſt as a veſtall Virgins eye,
And yet as bright as Glow wormes in the night:
VVith which the morning decks her louers hayre.
O fayre *Pandora*, bleſſed *Steſias.*
Iphi. O foule *Pandora*, curſed *Steſias.*
Steſ. VVhat meanſt thou *Iphicles?*
Melos. Ah is ſhe fayre that is laſciuious?
Or that ſwaine bleſt that ſhe makes but a ſtale.
Lear. He means thy loue vnhappy *Steſias.*
Steſ. My loue? no Shepheards this is but a ſtale,
To make me hate *Pandora* whom I loue,
So whiſpered late the falſe *Gunophilus*,
Let it ſuffice that I beleeue you not.
Iphi. Loue is deafe, blinde, and incredulous,
I neuer hung about *Pandoraes* neck,
She neuer termd me fayre and thee black ſwaine.
Melos. She playd not vnto *Melos* in her bowre,
Nor is his greene bowre ſtrewd with Primroſe leaues.
Lear. I kiſt her not, nor did ſhe terme me loue,
Pandora is the loue of *Steſias.*
Steſ. Sirra, bid your Miſtres come hether.
Guno. I ſhall ſyr.
Steſ. I neuer hung about *Pandoraes* neck,

She playde not vnto *Melos* in her bower,
I kill her not, nor did ſhe terme me loue.
Theſe wordes argue *Pandora* to be light.
She playde the wanton with theſe amarous ſwaines,
By all theſe ſtreames that interlaced theſe floodes,
VVhich may be venom to her thirſtie ſoule.
Ile be reuenged as neuer ſhepherd was,
Now foule *Pandora*, wicked *Steſias*.

Enter Gunophilus *and* Pandora.

Gu. Miſtres tis true I hard them, venter not.
Pand. Fence with her tongue, and garded with her wit.
Thus goeth *Pandora* vnto *Steſias*.
Ste. Deteſted falſor that to *Steſias* eyes.
Art more inſeſtious then the Baſiliſke
Pand. Gunophilus, Pandora is vndone,
Her loue, her ioy, her life hath loſt his wits,
Offer a Kyd in Eſculapias fane,
That he may cure him, leaſt I dye outright,
Gu. Ile offer it Eſculapius, but he ſhall not haue him,
for when he comes to him ſelfe I muſt anſwer it.
Pand. Go I ſay.
Ste. Stay I am well tis thou that makſt me raue,
Thou playdſt the wanton with my fellow ſwaynes.
Pand. Then dye *Pandora:* art thou in thy wits.
And calſte me wanton?

She fals downe.

Gu. O Maiſter what haue you done.
Ste. Diuine *Pandora* riſe and pardon me.
Pand. I cannot but forgiue thee *Steſias*,
But by this light, if.
Gu. Looke how ſhe winkes.
Ste. O ſtay my loue I know twas their deuiſe
Pand. He that will winne me muſt haue *Steſias* ſhape.
Such golden hayre, ſuch Alabaſter lookes,
VVilt thou know why I loued not *Iupiter?*
Becauſe he was vnlike my *Steſias*.

Ste-

Ste. VVas euer ſilly ſhepherd thus abuſd?
All three afirmd *Pandora* held them deare.
Pand. It was to bring me in diſgrace with thee,
That they might haue ſome hope I would be theirs.
I cannot walke but they importune me.
How many amarous letters haue they ſent.
VVhat giftes? yet all in vayne to proue which true,
Ile beare this ſlaunder with a patient minde,
Speeke them all fayre and ere the ſunne go downe,
Ile bring thee where they vſe to lie in weight,
To robbe me of my honour in the groues,
Ste. Do ſo ſweete wife, and they ſhall buy it deare
I cannot ſtay my ſheepe muſt to the fould. *Exit.*
Pand. Go *Steſias* as ſimple as a ſheepe,
And now *Pandora* ſummon all thy wits,
To be reuenged vpon theſe long toungd ſwaynes,
Gunophilus beare *Iphicles* this ring:
Tell him I raue and language for his loue.
VVill him to meete me in this meade alone,
And ſweare his fellowes haue deluded him,
Beare this to *Melos* ſay that for his ſake,
I ſtabd my ſelfe, and hadſt not thou been neare,
I had bene dead, but yet I am aliue.
Calling for *Melos* whom I onely loue,
And to *Learchus* beare theſe paſſionate lines,
VVhich if he be not flint will make him come.
Gu. I will, and you ſhall ſee how cunningly Ile vſe them
ſtay here and I will ſend them to you one after another, and
then vſe them as your wiſdome ſhall thinke good. *Exit.*
Pand. That letter did I pen doubting the worſt,
And dipt the Napking in the Lambkins blood.
For *Iphicles* were he compact of Iron,
My ring is Adamant to drawe him foorth,
Let women learne by me to be reuengd.
Ile make them bite their tongues and eate their wordes,
Yea ſweare vnto my huſband all is falſe.

My wit is plyant and inuention ſharpe,
To make theſe nouiſes that iniure me.
Young *Iphicles* muſt boaſt I fauourd him,
Here I proteſt as *Helen* to her loue:
Oſcula luctanti tantummodo pauca proternus
abſtulit: vlterius, nil habet ille mei.
And whats a kiſſe? too much for *Iphicles?*
Iph. Melos is wily, and *Learchus* falſe,
Here is *Pandoraes* ring, and ſhe is mine:
It was a ſtratagem layde for my loue,
O fooliſh *Iphicles* what haſt thou done?
Muſt thou betray her vnto *Steſias.*
Pand. Here will I ſit till I ſee *Iphicles,*
Sighing my breath, out weeping my heart bloud,
Go ſoule and flye vnto my leefeſt loue,
A fayrer ſubiect then *Elyſium.*
Iphi. Can I heare this? can I view her? O no.
Pand. But I will view thee my ſweet *Iphicles,*
Thy lookes are phyſicke, ſuffer me to gaze,
That for thy ſake am thus diſtempered.
Iphi. Pale be my lookes to witneſſe my amiſſe.
Pand. And mine to ſhew my loue: louers are pale.
Iphi. And ſo is *Iphicles.*
Pand. And ſo *Pandora* let me kiſſe my loue,
And adde a better couler to his cheekes.
Iphi. O bury all thy anger in this kiſſe,
And mate me not with vttering my offence.
Pand. VVho can be angrie with one whom ſhe loues?
Rather had I to haue no thoughts at all.
Then but one ill thought of my *Iphicles:*
Go vnto *Steſias* and deny thy words,
For he hath thruſt me from his cabanet.
And as I haue done, I will loue thee ſtill,
Delay no time, haſt gentle *Iphicles,*
And meete me on *Enepeus* ſedgy bankes.
Iphi. VVhen ſhall I meet thee, tell me my bright loue.

Pand.

Pand. At midnight *Iphicles*, till then farewell.
Iphi. Farewell *Pandora*, Ile to *Stesias*. *Exit.*
Pand. Thus will I serue them all, now *Melos* come,
I loue thee too, as much as *Iphicles*.

Enter Melos.

Melos. This is *Pandoraes* blood, hast *Melos* hast,
And in her presence launce thy flesh as deepe:
VVicked *Learchus*, subtill *Iphicles:*
You haue vndone me by your reaching wit.
Pan. Gunophilus, where is *Gunophilus?*
Giue me the knife thou pulledst from my brest:
Melos is gone, and left *Pandora* here,
VVitnesse yee wounds, witnesse yee siluer streames,
That I am true, to *Melos* onely true,
And he betrayde me vnto *Stesias*.
Mel. Forgiue me loue, it was not I alone,
It was *Learchus*, and false *Iphicles*.
Pand. T is not *Learchus*, nor that *Iphicles*,
That greeues me, but that *Melos* is vnkinde,
Melos for whom *Pandora* straynd her voyce,
Playing with euery letter of his name:
Melos, for whom *Pandora* made this wounde,
Melos, for whom *Pandora* now will dye.
Mel. Diuine *Pandora*, stay thy desperat hand,
May summers lightning burne our Autumne crop,
The thunders teeth plowe vp our fayrest groues,
The scorching sun-beames, dry vp all our springs,
And ruffe windes blast the beauty of our plaines,
If *Melos* loue not thee, more then his heart.
Pand. So *Melos* sweares, but tis a louers othe.
Melos. Once guiltie, and suspected euermore,
Ile nere be guiltie more, suspect me not.
Pand. Nor I suspect thee more, mistrust me not,
Learchus neuer toucht *Pandoraes* lips,
Nor *Iphicles* receaud a friendly word:

Melos hath al my fauours and for all,
Doe onely this and Ile be onely thine,
Go vnto *Stesias* and deny thy wordes,
And as the sunne goes downe Ile meete thee heare.
Mel. I will *Pandora*, and to cure thy wound,
Receiue these vertuous hearbes which I haue found.
Pand. A prety swayne worthy *Pandoraes* loue,
But I haue written to *Learchus* I,
And I will keepe my promise though I dye,

Enter Learchus *with a letter and* Gunophilus.

which is to cozen him as he did me,
Lear. *Learchus* my loue *Learchus*,
O the iteration of my name argues her affection,
VVas it my desert? thine alas *Pandora*,
It was my destiny to be credulous to these miscreants.
Gu. Looke, looke she is writing to you agayne.
Pa. VVhat is he come then shall my tongue declayme,
Yet am I bashfull and afeard to speake.
Le. Blush not *Pandora* who hath made most fault?
Pan. I that sollicit thee which loues me not.
Lea. I that betrayd thee, which offended not.
Pand. *Learchus* pardon me.
Lear. *Pandora* pardon mee.
Gu. All friendes and so they kist.
Pa. I can but smile to thinke thou wast deceiud,
Learchus thou must to my husband streight,
And say that thou art sory for thy wordes,
And in the euening ile meete thee agayne,
Vnder the same groue where we both sat last.
Le. I will *Pandora*, but looke where he comes.
Pan. Then giue me leaue to desemble.
Tis not thy sorrow that can make amends,
Were I aman thou shouldst repent thy wordes.
Ste. *Learchus* will you stand vnto your wordes.
Le. O *Stesias* pardon me twas their deceite.

I am ſory that I iniurd her,
Ste. They lay the fault on thee, and thou on them,
But take thee that.
Pan. Ah *Steſias* leaue: you ſhall not fight for me,
Go, goe *Learchus* I am *Steſiaſſes*.
Lear. Art thou?
Gu. No no *Learchus*, ſhe doth but ſay ſo.
Ste. Out of my ground *Learchus*, from my land,
And from hence forward come not neare my lawnes,
Pandora come: *Gunophilus* away.
Pan. *Learchus* meete me ſtraight, the time drawes nigh.
Lear. The time drawes nigh, O that the time were now,
I go to meete *Pandora* at the groue. *Exit.*

Enter Melos.

Mel. VVhen will the ſun go downe? flye *Phœbus* flye,
O that thy ſteeds were wingd with my ſwift thoughts:
Now ſhouldſt thou fall in *Thetis* azure armes,
And now would I fall in *Pandoras* lap.

Enter Iphicles.

Iphi. VVherefore did *Iupiter* create the day?
Sweete is the night when euery creature ſleepes,
Come night, come gentle night, for thee I ſtay.
Mel. VVherefore dooth *Iphicles* deſire the night?
Iph. VVhoſe that *Melos?* thy words did make me afeard,
I wiſh for midnight but to take the VVolfe,
VVhich kils my ſheepe, for which I made a ſnare:
Melos farewell, I muſt go watch my flocks.
Mel. And I my loue? here ſhe will meet me ſtreight.
Exit Iphicles.
See where ſhe comes hiding her bluſhing eyes.

Enter Steſias *in womans apparell.*

Mel. My loue *Pandora* for whoſe ſake I liue?
Hide not thy beauty which is *Melos* ſunne.

Here

Here is none but vs too, lay aſide thy vale.

Steſ. Here is *Steſias*, *Melos* you are deceaud.

He ſtriketh Melos.

Melos. *Pandora* hath deceaud me I am vndone.

Steſ. So will not I ſyr, I meane ſimply. *Exit.*

Enter Pandora *with* Gunophilus.

Pan. Come haſt thou all his Iewels and his pearles?

Gun. I all, but tell me which way ſhall we go?

Pand. Vnto the ſea ſide, and take ſhipping ſtreight.

Gun. VVell I am reuengd at laſt of my Maiſter, I pray God I may be thus euen with all mine enemyes: onely to runne away with their wiues.

Pand. *Gunophilus*, for thee I haue done this.

Guno. I and for your ſelfe too, I am ſure you wil not beg by the way.

Pand. For thee Ile beg and dye *Gunophilus*.

Guno. I ſo I thinke, the world is ſo hard, that if yee beg yee may be ſure to be ſtarud.

Pand. I prythee be not ſo churliſh.

Guno. O this is but myrthe, do you not know

Comes facetus eſt tanquam vehiculus in via:

A merry companion is as good as a VVagon,
For you ſhalbe ſure to ryde though yee go a foote.

Pand. *Gunophilus*, ſetting this mirth aſide,
Doſt thou not loue me more then all the world?

Guno. Be you as ſtedfaſt to me as Ile be to you, and we two wil goe to the worlds end, and yet we cannot, for the world is round, and ſeeing tys round, lets daunce in the circle, come turne about.

Pan. VVhen I forſake thee, then heauen it ſelfe ſhal fall.

Gunoph. No, God forbid, then perhaps we ſhould haue Larkes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steſias, *and* Iphicles.

Steſ. This is *Enip*[illegible] banke, here ſhe ſhould be,

Iphi.

Enter Iphicles.

Iph. VVhat is it midnight? time hath bene my friend,
Come ſweete *Pandora* all is ſafe and whiſt,
VVhither flyes my loue.
Ste. Follow me, follow me, here comes *Steſias.*
Iph. She hath betrayd me whither ſhall I flye?
He ſtrikes Iphicles.
Ste. Eyther to the riuer, or els to thy graue.

Enter Learchus.

Lear. The euenings paſt, yea midnight is at hand.
And yet *Pandora* comes not at the groue.
Ste. But *Steſias* is her deputy he comes,
And with his ſhephooke greetes *Learchus* thus.
He layes about.
Lear. Pardon me *Steſias*, twas *Pandoraes* wiles,
That hath betrayd me, truſt her not, ſhe is falſe.
Ste. VVhy doeſt thou tell me the contrary take that,
She is honeſt but thou wouldſt ſeduce her.
Away from my groue, out of my land,
Did I not giue thee warning?
Exit.

Act. 5.

Enter Luna.

Lu. Now other planets influence is done,
To Cynthia loweſt of the erring ſtarres,
Is beautious *Pandora* giuen in charge.

And as I am ſo ſhall *Pandora* bee,
New fangled, fyckle, ſlothfull, fooliſh, mad,
Inſpight of nature that enuies vs all.
Gu. Come, come *Pandora*, we muſt make more haſt,
Or *Stefias* will ouertake vs both.
Pand. I cannot go no faſter, I muſt reſt.
Gn. VVeare almoſt at the the ſea ſide I pray thee ryſe.
Pa. O I am faynt and weary, let me ſleepe.
Gu. *Pandora* if thou loue me let vs goe.
Pand. VVhy doeſt thou waken me ile remember this.
Gu. VVhat are you angry with me.
Pand. No with my ſelfe for louing ſuch a ſwayne,
VVhat fury made me doate vpon theſe lookes,
Like winters picture are his withered cheekes,
His hayre as rauens plumes, ah touch me not.
His handes are like the finnes of ſome foule fiſh,
Look ehow he mowes like to an aged ape,
Ouer the chayne Iacke, or ile make thee leape.
Guno. What a ſuddayne change is here?
Pand. Now he ſweares by his ten bones, downe I ſay.
Gu. Did I not tell you I ſhould haue Larkes,
Pan. where is the larks, come weel go catch ſome ſtreight?
No let vs go a fiſhing with a net?
VVith a net? no, an angle is enough:
An angle, a net, no none of both,
Ile wade into the water, water is fayre,
And ſtroke the fiſhes vnder neath the gilles.
But firſt Ile go a hunting in the wood,
I like not hunting, let me haue a hawke
VVhat wilt thou ſay and if I loue thee ſtill?
Gu. Any thing, what you will.
Pand. But ſhall I haue a gowne of oken leaues,
A chaplet of red berries, and a faune.
Made of the morning dewe to coole my face.
How often will you kiſſe me in an houre,

And

And where ſhall me ſit till the ſunne be downe,
For *Nocte latent mendæ.*
Gu. what then?
Pand. I will not kiſſe thee till the ſunne be downe,
Thou art deformd, the nyght vvill couer thee,
VVe vvomen muſt be modeſt in the day,
O tempt me not vntill the euening come.
Guno. Lucretia tota ſis licet vſque die. Thaida nocte volo.
Hate me a dayes, and loue me in the nyght,
Pand. Calſt thou me *Thais?* goe and loue not me,
I am not *Thais* Ile be *Lucretia* I,
Giue me a knife and for my chaſtety,
Ile dye to be canonized a ſaynt.
Gu. But you will loue me vvhen the ſun is downe?
Pand. No but I will not.
Gu. Did you not promiſe me.
Pand. No I, I ſaw thee not till now.
Gu. Do you ſee me now.
Pand. I and loth thee.
Gu. Belike I was a ſpirit all this vvhile?
Pand. A ſpirit, a ſpirit, vvhither may I flye.

Enter Steſias.

Ste. I ſee *Pandora* and *Gunophilus.*
Pand. And I ſee *Steſias* welcome *Steſias.*
Ste. Gunophilus thou haſt inveigled her,
And robd me of my treaſure and my wife.
Ile ſtrippe thee to the ſkinne for this offence,
And put thee in a wood to be deuourd,
Of emptie Tygres, and of hungry VVolues,
Nor ſhall thy ſad lookes moue me vnto rueth,
Gu. Pardon me mayſter ſhe is Lunaticke,
Fooliſh and franticke, and I followed her.

Onely to ſaue the goods and bring her backe:
VVhy thinke you I would runne away with her?
Pand. He neede not for Ile runne away with him,
And yet I will go home with *Steſias*,
So I ſhall haue a white lambe coloured blacke,
Two little ſparrowes, and a ſpotted fawne.
Ste. I feare it is too true that he reportes.
Gu. Nay ſtay a while and you ſhall ſee her daunce.
Pand. No, no, I will not daunce, but I will ſing,
Steſias hath a white hand, but his nayles are blacke,
His fingers are long and ſmall, ſhall I make them cracke.
One two and three, I loue him, and he loues me.
Beware of the ſhephooke,
Ile tell you one thing,
If you aſke me why I ſing,
I ſay yee may go looke.
Ste. Pandora ſpeake, loueſt thou *Gunophilus?*
Pan. I, if he be a fiſh, for fiſh is fine,
Sweete *Steſias* helpe me to a whiting moppe.
Ste. Now I perceiue that ſhe is lunaticke,
VVhat may I do to bring her to her wits?
Gu. Speake gentle maiſter and intreat her fayre.
Ste. Pandora, my loue *Pandora*.
Pan. Ile not be fayre. why call you me your loue.
Loue is a little boy, ſo am not I.
Ste. I will allure her with fayre promiſes,
And when I haue her in my leauie bower,
Pray to our water Nimphes and Siluane gods,
To cure her of this piteous lunacye,
Pand. Giue me a running ſtreame in both my hands,
A blew kings fiſher, and a pible ſtone,
And Ile catch butter flies vpon the ſand,
And thou *Gunophilus* ſhalt clippe their wings.
Ste. Ile giue thee ſtreames vvhoſe pibble ſhalbe pearle,
Loue birdes whoſe feathers ſhalbe beaten gold.
Muſkflyes vvith amber berries in their mouthes,

Milke-

Milke white Squirrels, ſinging Popiniayes,
A boat of deare ſkins, and a fleeting Ile,
A ſugar cane, and line of twiſted ſilke.

Pan. VVhere be all theſe.

Steſ. I haue them in my bower, come follow me?

Pan. Streames with pearle? birdes with golden feathers?
Muſk flyes, and amber berries? white Squirrels,
And ſinging Popiniayes? a boat of deare ſkins?
Come Ile goe, Ile go.

Exeunt.

Guno. I was nere in loue with her till now, O abſolute *Pandora*, becauſe foliſh, for folly is womens perfection. To talke Idely, to loke wildly, to laugh at euery breach and play with a feather, is that would make a Stoyke in loue, yea thou thy ſelfe.

O Marci fili annum iam audientem Cratippum idque Athenis.
Grauity in a vvoman, is like to a gray beard vpon a breaching boies chinne, vvhich a good Scholemaiſter would cauſe to be clipt, and the vviſe huſband to be avoyded.

Enter Melos *and the reſt.*

Melos. Gunophilus, vvhere is thy Miſtreſſe?

Guno. A ketching a blew kings fiſher.

Iph. Tell vs where is ſhe?

Guno. A gathering little pibles.

Lear. VVhat doſt thou mocke vs.

Guno. No: but if ſhe were here ſhe vvould make mowes at the proudeſt of you.

Mel. VVhat meaneſt thou by this.

Gun. I meane my miſtres is become foliſh.

Iph. A iuſt reward for one ſo falſe as ſhee.

Mel. Such hap betide thoſe that intend vs ill.

Lear. Neuer vvere ſimple ſhepherdes ſo abuſd.

Iph. Gunopholus thou haſt betrayd vs all.

Thou broughteſt this ring from her which made me come.
Mel. And thou this bloody napkin vnto me.
Lear. And thou this flattering letter vnto me.
Gu. VVhy I brought you the ring thinking you and ſhee ſhould be maried togeather. And being hurt as ſhe told me, I had thought ſhe had ſent for you as a ſurgeon.
Le. But why broughteſt thou me this letter?
Gu. Onely to certifie you that ſhe was in health, As I was at the bringing hereof.
And thus being loth to trouble you, I commit you to God.
Yours as his owne *Gunophilus*.

Exit.

Mel. The wicked youngling flouteth vs, let him goe.
Lear. Immortall *Pan* where ere this lad remaynes,
Reuenge the wrong that he hath done thy ſwaines.
Mel. O that a creature ſo diuine as ſhe,
VVhoſe beauty might inforce the heauens to bluſh,
And make fayre *Nature* angry at the hart,
That ſhe hath made her to obſcure her ſelfe,
Should be ſo fickle and ſo full of ſlightes,
And fayning loue to all, loue none at all.
Iph. Had ſhe been conſtant vnto *Iphicles*,
I would haue clad her in ſweete Floraes roabes:
Haue ſet *Dianaes* garland on her head,
Made her ſole miſtres of my wanton flocke,
And ſing in honour of her diety,
where now with teares I curſe *Pandoraes* name.
Lea. The ſprings that ſmild to ſee *Pandoraes* face,
And leapt aboue the bankes to touch her lippes.
The proud playnes dauncing with *Pandoraes* weight,
The Iocund trees that vaild when ſhe came neare
And in the murmur of their whiſpering leaues,
Did ſeeme to ſay *Pandora* is our Queene,
witneſſe how fayre and beautifull ſhe was,
But now alone how falſe and treacherous.

Mel. Here I abiure *Pandora*, and proteſt,
To liue for euer in a ſingle life.
Lear. The like vow makes *Learchus* to great *Pan*.
Iph. And *Iphicles* though ſoare agaynſt his will.
Lear. In witneſſe of my vow I rend theſe lines,
O thus be my loue diſperſt into the ayre.
Mel. Here lie the bloody Napkin which ſhe ſent,
And with it my affection, and my loue.
Iphi. Breake, breake, *Pandoraes* ring, and with it breake,
Pandoraes loue, that almoſt burſt my heart.

Enter Steſias, Pandora, *and* Gunophilus.

Ste. Ah whither runnes my loue *Pandora*? ſtay,
Gentle *Pandora* ſtay, runne not ſo faſt.
Pand. Shall I not ſtamp vpon the ground? I will,
VVho ſayth *Pandora* ſhall not rend her hayre?
VVhere is the groue that aſkt me how I did?
Giue me an angle for the fiſh will bite.
Mel. Looke how *Pandora* raues, now ſhe is ſtarke mad.
Ste. For you ſhe raues, that meant to rauiſh her,
Helpe to recouer her or els yee dye.
Lear. May ſhe with rauing dye? do what thou darſt.
Iph. She ouer reacht vs with deceitfull guile,
And *Pan*, to whom we prayd hath wrought reuenge.
Pand. Ile haue the Ocean put into a glaſſe,
And drinke it to the health of *Steſias*,
Thy head is full of hedrockes *Iphicles*,
So ſhake them of, now let me ſee thy hand,
Looke where a blaſing ſtarre is in this line,
And in the other two and twenty ſonnes.
Ste. Come come *Pandora* ſleepe within my armes,
Pand. Thine armes are firebrandes, whers *Gunophilus*,
Go kiſſe the eccho, and bid loue vntruſſe,
Go fetch the blacke Goat with the brazen heele,
And tell the Bell-wether I heare him not.

Not

Not,not,not,that you ſhould not come vnto me
This night,not at all,at all,at all,

Dormit.

Guno. She is a ſleepe,mayſter ſhall I vvake her?
Ste. O no *Gunophilus* there let her ſleepe,
And let vs pray that ſhe may be recurd.
Lear. *Steſias* thou pitties't her that loues thee not
Mel. The vvordes we told thee *Steſias* vvere too true.
Iph. Neuer did *Iphicles* deſemble yet,
Belecue me *Steſias* ſhe hath been vntrue.
Ste. Yet vvill you ſlay me with your ſlaunderous words
Did you not all ſvveare for her chaſtety.
Lear. It was her ſubtle vvit that made vs ſweare,
For *Steſias* know ſhe ſhevved loue to vs all,
And ſeuerally ſent for vs by this ſvvayne,
And vnto me he brought ſuch hony lines,
As ouercomd,I flevv vnto her bower.
VVho vvhen I came, ſvvore ſhe loud me a lone.
VVil'ing me to deny the vvordes I ſpoke,
And ſhe at night vvould meete me in the groue.
Thus meaning ſimply,lo I vvas betrayd,
Mel. *Gunophilus* brought me a bloody cloth,
Saying for my loue ſhe vvas almoſt ſlayne,
And vvhen I came ſhe vſed me as this ſvvaine,
Proteſting loue, and poynting me this place,
Iph. And by this bearer I receiued a ring,
And many a louing vvord that drevv me foorth,
O that a vvoman ſhould deſemble ſo.
She then forſvvore *Learchus* and this ſvvaine,
Saying that *Iphicles* vvas onely hers,
VVhereat I promiſed to deny my vvordes.
And ſhe to meete me at Enepius bankes,
Ste. VVert thou the meſſenger vnto them all.
Gu. I vvas, and all that they haue ſayde is true,
She loue not you, nor them, but me alone,
Hovv oft hath ſhe runne vp and dovvne the lavvnes.

Calling

Calling aloud where is *Gunophilus*.

Ste. Ah how my hart ſwels at theſe miſcreants wordes.
Mel. Come let vs leaue him in this penſiue mood.
Lear. Fret, *Steſias* fret, while we daunce on the playne.
Mel. Such fortune happen to incredulus ſwaines.
Iph. Sweete is a ſingle life, *Steſias* farewell.

Exeunt.

Ste. Go life, flye ſoule, go wretched *Steſias*,
Curſt be *Utopia* for *Pandoraes* ſake,
Let wild bores with their tuſkes plow vp my lawnes,
Deuouring VVoules come ſhake my tender lambes,
Driue vp my goates vnto ſome ſteepy rocke,
And let them fall downe headlong in the ſea,
She ſhall not liue, nor thou *Gunophilus*,
To triumph in poore *Steſias* ouerthrow.

Enter the ſeauen Planets.

Saturne. Stay ſhepherd, ſtay.
Iupiter. Hurt not *Pandora* louely *Steſias*.

She awakes and is ſober.

Pa. VVhat meanes my loue to looke ſo pale and wan.
Ste. For thee baſe ſtrumpet am I pale and wanne.
Mer. Speake mildly, or Ile make thee crabbed ſwaine.
Sol. Take her agayne, and loue her *Steſias*.
Ste. Not for *Vtopia*, no, not for the world.
Ven. Ah canſt thou frowne on her that lookes ſo ſweet.
Pand. Haue I offended thee? Ile make amends.
Mer. And what canſt thou demaund more at her hand?
Ste. To ſlay her ſelfe that I may liue alone.
Luna. Flint harted ſhepherd thou deſerueſt her not.
Ste. If thou be Ioue conuey her from the earth,
And puniſh this *Gunophilus* her man.
Gu. O Ioue, let this be my puniſhment, to liue ſtill with *Pandora*.

Enter Nature.

Nat. Enuious planets you haue done your worſt.
Yet in deſpight of you *Pandora* liues,
And ſeeing the ſhepherds haue abiurd her loue,
She ſhalbe placed in one of your ſeauen orbs.
But thou that haſt not ſerud her as I wild,
Vaniſh into a Haythorne as thou ſtandſt,
Neare ſhalt thou wait vpon *Pandora* more.
Exit Gunophilus.
Sat. O *Nature* place *Pandora* in my ſphere,
For I am old, and ſhe will make me young.
Iup. VVith me, and I will leaue the Queene of heauen.
Mer. VVith me, and *Venus* ſhall no more be mine.
Sol. VVith me, and Ile forget fayre *Daphnes* loue.
Venus. VVith me, and ile turne *Cupid* out of doores.
Mer. with me, and ile forſake *Aglauros* loue.
Lu. No fayre *Pandora* ſtay with *Cynthia*,
And I will loue thee more then all the reſt:
Rule thou my ſtarre, while I ſtay in the woods,
Or keepe with *Pluto* in the infernall ſhades.
Ste. Go where thou wilt ſo I be rid of thee,
Na. Speake my *Pandora* where wilt thou be?
Pand Not with old *Saturne* for he lookes like death.
Nor yet with *Iupiter* leaſt *Iuno* ſtorme.
Nor vvith thee *Mars*, for *Venus* is thy loue,
Nor vvith thee *Sol*, thou haſt two Parramours:
The ſea borne *Thetis* and the rudy morne.
Nor vvith thee *Venus* leaſt I be in loue,
VVith blindfold *Cupid* or young *Ioculus*
Nor vvith thee Hermes, thou art full of ſlightes.
And vvhen I need thee Ioue will ſend thee foorth.
Say *Cynthia*, ſhall *Pandora* rule thy ſtarre,
And vvilt thou play *Diana* in the woods?
Or Hecate in *Plutos* regiment?

Luna. I *Pandora.*
Pand. Fayre *Nature* let thy hand mayd dwe'l with her,
For know that change is my felicity,
And fickleneſſe *Pandoraes* proper forme,
Thou madſt me ſullen firſt, and thou loue proud,
Thou bloody minded, he a Puritan.
Thou *Venus* madſt me loue all that I ſaw,
And Hermes to deceiue all that I loue,
But *Cynthia* made me idle, mutable, forgetfull,
Fooliſh, fickle, franticke, madde,
Theſe be the humors that content me beſt,
And therefore will I ſtay with *Cynthia.*
Na. And *Steſias* ſince thou ſetſt ſo light on her,
Be thou her ſlaue, and follow her in the Moone.
Ste. Ile rather dye then beare her company,
Iup. *Nature* will haue it ſo attend on her.
Nat. Ile haue thee be her vaſſaile, murmur not.
Ste. Then to reuenge me of *Gunophilus,*
Ile rend this hathorne with my furious hands.
And beare this buſh, if eare ſhe looke but backe,
Ile ſcratch her face that was ſo falſe to me.
Nat. Now rule *Pandora* in fayre *Cynthias* ſteede,
And make the moone inconſtant like thy ſelfe,
Raigne thou at womens nuptials, and their birth,
Let them be mutable in all their loues.
Fantaſticall, childiſh, and foliſh, in their deſires,
Demaunding toyes: and ſtarke madde
VVhen they cannot haue their will.
Now follow me ye wandring lightes of heauen,
And greiue not, that ſhe is not plaſt with you,
All you ſhall glaunce at her in your aſpects,
And in coniunction dwell with her a ſpace.
Ste. O that they had my roome.
Nat. I charge thee follow her, but hurt her not.

FINIS.